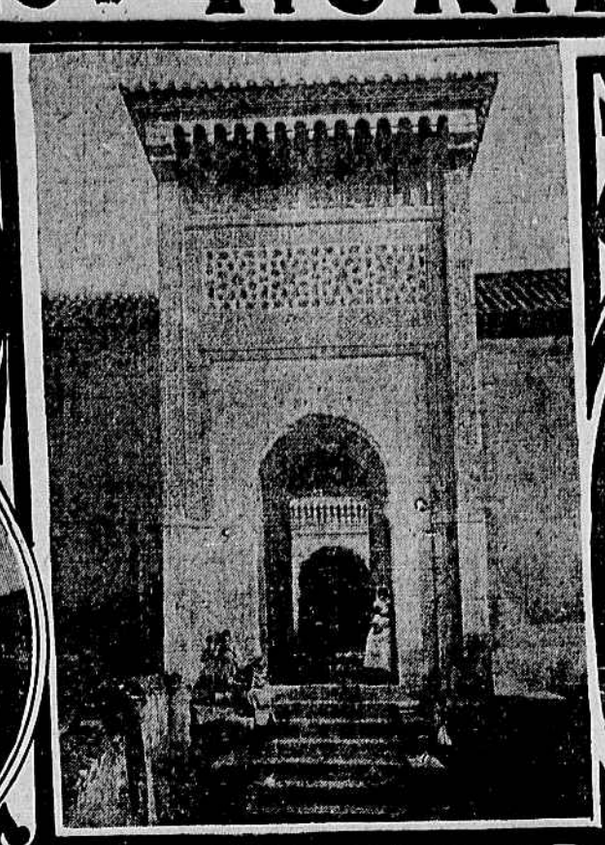
DELHI OF NORTHERN AFRICA

THE RUINED TOWER OF MANSOURA



ENTRANCE TO THE MOSQUE OF THE CANDY SAINT.

INTERIOR OF THE MOSQUE OF SIDI BON MEDINA TLEMCEN.

TWO GENTLEMEN OF FLEMCEN AND THEIR EIGHT DOLLAR HATS

...6. CARPENTER.

Tlemcen, Africa.

...with me and my Mohammedan dragoman, Mustapha, and take a walk this bright Sunday morning through the Delhi of North Africa. We are in a city which was famous when Agra was at the height of its glory, and one which has mosques and tombs containing Moorish decorations which will compare in their beauty with those of the famed cities of India. There are doors of bronze in the Mosque of Sidi Bou Medin as beautiful as those at the entrance to the Capitol at Washington, and equal in their fine workmanship to those of Ghiberti at Florence. There are temples of Mohammedan worship hundreds of years old, which have a beauty greater than the mosques of Cairo and Constantinople, and all were constructed when Europe was still semi-civilized and a hundred years or so before the new world of America began to be. Not far from these mosques are the remains of a ruined city, which surpassed Pompeii in extent and glory, and in another direction is the tomb of the man who built that city, with the Arabs praying in and about it to-day.

The Ruins of Tlemcen.

All this is not in Italy, Greece, or India, the countries to which we look for the monuments of the past. It is in this black continent of Africa, on the edge of savage, turbulent and warring Morocco, thirty miles south of the Mediterranean, and about 100 miles from Oran, the chief seaport of Western Algeria. It is so far out of the line of travel that strangers seldom come here, but it is one of the most interesting places on the continent.

The Tlemcen of to-day is a city of, perhaps 25,000, situated in a beautiful valley, at an elevation about as high above the sea as the average height of the Alleghanies. It was behind it great bare, rugged mountains, which are capped with huge rocks, making them look like fortifications thrown up by the gods, and their strength as fortifications was probably one of the reasons for the site of these ancient cities.

Another reason was the valley and plains lying below. They are among the richest in Algeria. Standing upon upon the walls here, as far as the eye can reach there is nothing but vineyards and orchards and rich fields of grain. There are hundreds of thousands of olive trees loaded with fruit. There are rich gardens and fields of potatoes making a patchwork of green of different shades which extends out on all sides below the city until it meets the hills on the horizon. White roads cut here and there through this expanse of green all lead up to the walls of Tlemcen.

A Fortified City.

The city is entered by gates. It was a fortified town in the past and the French have fortified it to-day. The high walls have portholes at every few feet, through which rifles and other guns can be thrust, companies of soldiers are always moving to and fro through the streets, and the citadel, where the Sultans of the past had their gorgeous residences many centuries ago, is now a barracks, prison and hospital for the Algerian troops. Its old walls and gateways still stand, and the minaret of its mosque, ninety feet high, overlooks the rest of the city. About 500 years ago this citadel contained some of the wonders of the world. It had a clock which was celebrated two centuries before that on the Strasburg Cathedral was made, and in one of the galleries, which was paved with marble and onyx, stood a solid silver tree upon which were many species of singing birds made of gold and silver..

The Grand Mosque.

Within a stone's throw of the citadel, surrounded by buildings which would not look out of place in any country town in France, rises the mighty mosque Djama el Kebir. It was built in A. D. 1136, but it is in as good condition today as when the Moors first worshiped in it 870 years ago. The buildings of this mosque cover about an acre and the roof is supported by a vast number of columns which end in great arches hung with many chandeliers. The buildings run around the court, in the centre of which is a fountain of onyx, about which, as I passed through, the Mohammedans were sitting and washing themselves before going in to pray. We were allowed to enter the mosque, but had first to put on slippers, and we walked about through the worshipers, who were, kneeling on their prayer rugs and bowing again and again as they looked toward Mecca.

Built to the Ghost of a Candy Man.

When Tlemcen was in the height of its glory it had seventy mosques. One of the most famous was built in honor of a confectioner saint who preached to little gold caps I have already described and tie them on with cords of gold thread under the chin. Those who can afford it are loaded with jewelry. They have bracelets and anklets, and some wear gold rings in their ears. Even the children wear jewelry. I see the children as they gathered around his candy stall and whom, I doubt not, he attracted by giving them sweets. He became so popular that the Sultan made him a tutor to his three sons. This angered the grand vizier, and he had the candy saint condemned as a sorcerer and beheaded outside the gates Shortly after this the ghost of the candy saint appeared before the Sultan and made a complaint, and the Sultan tied up the grand vizier hand and foot and threw him into a vat of cement. As the cement hardened the grand vizier hardened with it, and he was thus buried alive in a solid block of stone. After this the Sultan built the mosque, which remains to this day. This happened just 130-odd years before Columbus discovered America. I have no doubt it is true, for I saw the mosque here with my own matter of fact American eyes.

Another mosque, built in 1208, was in honor of an Arab lawyer. It contains some of the most exquisite Moorish work of the world, and it is perhaps the finest monument any lawyer has ever had. The lawyer it commemorates is said to have been a man of truth.

Sidi Bou Medin.

One of the most interesting of the mosques lies several miles from Tlemcen, on the side of the mountains. It in that of Sidi Bou Medin, one of the most famous scholars of the Moorish civilization of 800 years ago. This man stududied at Granda and Fez, and then traveled to Mecca. He lectured at Bagdad, Seville and Cordova, and ended his career by lecturing here. This mosque is a wonder of fine workmanship. It is floored with mosaic, its doors are of bronze and its decorations are of Moorish lace work of wonderful patterns. Near it there was a famous Moorish college, and while I walked through the mosque itself I could hear the boys singing out their Koran as they swayed back and forth, going over and over the Arabic sentences written on their wooden slates. I found many turbaned worshipers at prayers inside, and the red-faced, keeper grew quite angry when I asked if I might make their photographs.

On my way back to town I stopped at an Arab cafe and drank coffee with a half dozen dark-faced Berbers who had just left the mosque. They were bearded and turbaned. They had taken off their slippers as they sat down to drink, and I observed that their bare feet were clean and the toe nails almost as well cared for, as though a manicure, or rather a pedicure, had worked upon them. The men looked strangely at me from under their turbans, and evidently thought me as much a curiosity as I considered them. Nevertheless, they were friendly, and we drank our coffee together. The coffee was brought in smoking. It was as black as ink, finely powdered and very sweet. The price was one cent a cup.

The Ruined City of Mansoura.

I next drove to the ruins of Mansoura, on the other side of Tlemcen. That city was built when Tlemcen was great and when it had a population of 125,000 souls. Tlemcen was then noted as a city of light and genius. Its kings were lovers of art, science and literature. They had their own armies of disciplined soldiers, and they had a police force, judges and courts. They coined their own money, and had schools and colleges. This was several hundred years before America was discovered.

It was just about that same time that Mansoura sprang up almost in a night on the plains. An Arab general, Abou Yakoub, had besieged Tlemcen and had encamped with his army about three miles from the city. The siege lasted seven years, and Mansoura was constructed during the intervals of fighting by Yakoub. For many years it was a rival of Tlemcen. Its walls and forts inclosed a space of something like three hundred acres, and it had a magnificent mosque, with a minaret or tower 125 feet high. This tower was decorated with green porcelain tiles, and it was a wonder of beautiful workmanship. The ruins of it still stand, the most of the tower being intact, but the mosque has long since crumbled to dust.

The great walls of Mansoura are still to be seen in some places as solid as when first built, and in others broken down and crumbled. The whole space covered by the city is now a rich vineyard, the vines growing close up to the walls and hugging the foot of the great tower. A crowd of Berbers were picking the large white grapes in to baskets as I drove through the ruins and tried to people them with the great army and the gay throng of 600 years ago. It was impossible amid such surroundings to rebuild, even in imagination, the immense edifices, the magnificent palaces, the great houses and the gardens traversed by streamlets as described by the historians; but the scenes recalled to me some verses of Omar Khayyam, the great Persian poet, about the evanescence of all things earthly. Yakoub's soldiers finally conquered Tlemcen, but he himself was assassinated just before its surrender. After that the city of Mansoura began to decline, and its greatness was soon swallowed by Tlemcen.

Among the Natives.

But let me describe the Tlemcen of today. A live dog is better than a dead lion, and the Algeria of the present is more interesting than that of the dead centuries of the past. I like the swing and go of this French colony, the jaunty air of the soldiers as they strut about in their fat red pantaloons and short jackets and their tall caps of blood red; the stately walk of the Arabs as they go on slippered feet through the streets; and above all the long gowns and tall hats of some of the native gentlemen of Tlemcen. We think $5 much to pay for a derby and $8 a big price for a black silk tile, but these Tlemcen natives pay quite as much for straw hats. Their hats are, however, gorgeous beyond description, and they stand from twelve to eighteen inches above the crown of the head. They are made of straw as finely woven as a panama and of several different colors. The brims are covered with silk embroidery, and extend for six inches out all around the hat. These hats are large enough to be worn over turbans, so big that I was able to put one over my cork helmet, while my photograph was taken with my guide Mustapha standing beside me.

One of the industries of Tlemcen is making such hats. The town is quite a manufacturing centre. The natives —I mean the Berbers and Moors—seem to be all engaged in house industries of one kind or other. I went through street after street lined with little shops, lighted only by the doors at the front, containing men and boys weaving cloths, embroidering caps for women and hats for men, sewing on slippers and shoes and working at the various other trades of the country.

The weaving is all done with native wool upon rude hand looms. In the dirtiest of shops the most beautiful of white burnooses are made, and little round caps covered with velvet and embroidered with gold and silver are turned out in places no better than dog kennels.

The whole of the native quarter is a mixture of the gorgeous and the squalid. A man will wear an $8 hat and at the same time have bare feet and legs bare half way to the knee and a dirty white gown. A woman will go along wrapped in a white flannel blanket much the worse for wear, and on her head will be one of these gold embroidered caps, just about as big around and of the same shape as a tin funnel such as is used in our kitchen. The cap will be hidden by the blanket and she will keep it so tight about her face that only a hole the size of a postage stamp can be seen. Through this hole peeps a liquid black eye, and it is only when she stumbles or when the amorous wind tears open her garments that you see any other part of her person. Even little girls are often so draped, although some show their faces.

I wish I could tell you American girls just how your well-to-do sisters of this side of the world are clothed. If you saw a party of them on the street you would think they had picked up their bed blankets and started for a great masquerade.. If you were a man you could not possibly get near enough to examine them, but one of my lady friends has told me just how they are dressed. Under those blankets they have baggy trousers which come about half way to the ankle, and above these, jackets of embroidery with one or two vests under them. They wear sashes about the waist and undergarments of fine gauze.

At home the ladies either go barefooted or wear slippers of velvet embroidered with gold. They plait their hair in long braids, and tie it up in knots behind the head. They wear the little girls with ear-rings almost as big around as the bottom of a tin cup and anklets of silver as thick as their own little fingers.

The Arab men have gowns of white woolen material striped with silk bound in by sashes at the waist. Under this they often wear baggy trousers and over it a white woolen burnoose of fine texture. The richer men sometimes have a sort of an overcoat of fine navy blue cloth embroidered with silk and made in the shape of a burnoose which they wear over the other burnoose. Some of the men wear stockings and some riding horse back have instead long, red boots of the finest Morocco leather, which are almost as soft as wool. Over the foot they have a shoe covering the boot to the ankle, and to this shoe a spur is attached. The poorer Arabs wear blacks, long gowns of a night-shirt shape, made of camel's hair and wool in white and black stripes.

Many of the native garments are made in Tlemcen. This town has long been noted for its good workmanship and its lace, hats, shawls and blankets are famous. Among other garments are some made for the Jews, and especially the bright red shawls which they use here for mourning.

The Tlemcen of to-day is largely composed of new French buildings. The streets are French streets. There is a square in the centre of the town where the people meet to walk about, and there is a park outside it filled with great plane trees and wild olive trees which is known as Tlemcen's Bois de Boulogne. About six years ago the city was first reached by railroad, and it now has two trains each way every day.

On my way here I stopped at Sidi Bel Abbes, a French settlement of 19,000 people, which has grown up within a few years. Sidi Bel Abbes is named after a Mohammedan saint, and it has its Arab quarter to-day. The city is built in the shape of a rectangle with great walls about it, and like most of these Algerian towns, it has its military quarter. This is inhabited by several companies of the foreign soldiers employed by the French to defend Algeria. They are composed of Swiss, Poles, Germans and such other riff-raff as can be enlisted at a few cents a day. The troops there vary in number, at times reaching as many as 6,000.

Sidi Bel Abbes has its regular concerts by the military band; it has a theater where they are now playing "Box and Cox," and also a "Cafe Chantant," where the songs and dances are even more wicked than those of Paris itself. Indeed, things are moving fast in this French section of the African continent.

THE LURE OF THE EAST AWAITS JACK TAR AT CHEFOO.

Seamy Side of Life Found to be Uppermost by the Men of the American Fleet.

By WILLIAM T. ELLIS.

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Chefoo, China.

READERS of war dispatches know this city mainly as the habitat of "the Chefoo liar," which is not without significance, since many of the most disreputable elements of American life are to be found here. A visitor pining for a sight of his native colors will find them displayed by low dives whose very appearance indicates their character. These bear such names as "The Dewey," "The Stars and Stripes Forever Saloon," "The Old Kentucky Home," etc. Over one of these resorts there flies a larger American flag than that which floats above the consulate on the hill.

The explanation for all this is simple. During the summer this beautiful harbor is the resort of the Asiatic squadron, and from three to five thousand American young men, sailors and marines aboard the fleet, are here every year. The East does its worst by them; for the Orient, especially when in league with the most vicious element in American life, is especially skilful in enmeshing Western youth. The plight of these young men with shore leave, and no decent door open to them, was pitiable.

Hard Knocks for the Y. M. C. A.

Some of the resident Americans, including Consul General Fowler, undertook to open a clean, harmless resort for the men. One of the Presbyterian missionaries, Rev. G. Cornwell, devoted himself tirelessly to the project, spending the greater part of every night down town in the rooms and scarcely seeing his family for a week at a time. The result was that for several years a Christian club-room and lodging-house were maintained successfully and made self-supporting.

During the past summer this enterprise was greatly enlarged and a much more spacious club-house opened. The work had been given the name of a Young Men's Christian Association, although previously receiving no recognition or support from the general organization bearing that name. Last summer, though, three months of the time of an association secretary and the promise of $1,000 was secured from the International Y. M. C. A. committee. This year, for various reasons, the work was not the success of past seasons.

Right here I encountered bitter criticism from resident American business men of the Y. M. C. A. They say that until dragged into a partial support of the work, the association had paid no attention whatever to the American sailors at Chefoo.

These boys, most of them from Christian homes, some of them the sons of clergymen, were permitted to go to the dogs by hundreds without the slightest interest or solicitude being manifested by the association. Yet the latter has an imposing department, to which the public contributes liberally, called the naval branch. What is it doing, these men scornfully ask, when it can neglect entirely the men of the second largest American fleet?

As a consequence, they say, of the association's attitude, the Americans in Chefoo, some of whom are not members of any church and had supported the work from patriotic and humanitarian motives, declare that they will no longer give their time and money to it, since the Christian organization which avowedly exists for this purpose refuses to take on the work. Missionary Cornwell, however, is the sort of man who will hold to the task even though others give it up. I have heard other missionaries criticize him for giving more time, during a portion of the year, to the sailors than he does to the heathen. For my part, I am inclined to consider the moral and spiritual welfare of an American young man quite as important as that of a Chinese. As to the reported shortcomings of the Y. M. C. A. which I have quoted, I confess to have considerable sympathy with the resident Americans; I cannot let the splendid efficiency of the Young Men's Christian Association elsewhere blind me to the fact that it seems to have lamentably "fallen down" here; especially since the problem of the moral welfare of white men in Oriental port cities, both sailors and civilians, is, to my way of thinking, one of the most important phases of the entire missionary situation.

THREE AMERICAN MISSIONARIES WHO HAVE BEEN IN CHINA MORE THAN FORTY YEARS.
Left—Rev. Dr. Hunter Corbett, Presbyterian (now Moderator of the Presbyterian General Assembly).
Right—Rev. Dr. C. W. Mateer, Presbyterian; Leading Educator and Translator.
Centre—Rev. Dr. J. S. Hartwell, Southern Baptist; famous for Evangelistic Itineration.

White Schoolboys in a Yellow City.

Another indirect, but grave and ever-present missionary problem, to which even missionary workers give little thought, is that of the children of the men and women on the field. The famous China Inland Mission School, at Chefoo, makes the topic pertinent here. It never occurs to an Anglo-Saxon at home that a white child cannot well be reared with yellow children. His first thought would doubtless be, like my own, that it is rather funny to see, as I have seen, a missionary's son with a yellow playmate, perched on a temple drum, beating it in honor of a heathen festival, while each munched a beancake that had been bought from a street vender.

Second thought, though, reminds one that this white boy, who, like most missionary children, speaks the tongue of the native more freely than he does that of his parents, is hearing from his playmate many things which it is not considered healthful for an Anglo-Saxon to know. Alongside of the average white child in heathen lands, in the matter of knowledge of what children should not say or know, the New York street gamin is a Little Lord Fauntleroy. The white race, comparatively speaking, has not learned the alphabet of evil speaking. It is not seemly that American and British children should be trained in this school. A short time ago, in a refined American home in Korea, I heard a sweet little girl of six use a native word which doubled up the servants with laughter. She does not know its meaning; neither will anybody translate it to her parents; but it is doubtless of inexpressible vileness.

Not to speak of such moral bacteria—and to overlook entirely the material germs in that beancake—for the Orient is the home of gold-medal germs—it is found by missionary parents unwise to rear children in the East, because they fail to get the Anglo-Saxon viewpoint, atmosphere, bent of mind, or whatever else you may call it. It is the unanimous opinion of all white people out here, whatever their calling, that boys and girls must go home to school by the time they have reached the age of thirteen or fourteen, or earlier. Herein lies the hardship of missionary life. People regard missionaries as heroes and martyrs for undergoing difficulties which scarcely exist at all, for of physical hardships the missionary has few. The separation of families is the one heavy trial. "If people will insist on pitying us," said one missionary, "let them pity us for the right things."

The Rout of a Young Boaster.

Unquestionably the children of missionaries have certain advantages. Of course they know no slang. They are old beyond their years, yet without priggishness. They have a grown-up wisdom that is astonishing. I climbed Fujiyama, in Japan, with a fourteen-year-old boy as interpreter and companion, and for mental poise, physical endurance and abounding boyish enthusiasm I have never seen his equal. They say that uniformly, despite certain lacks, the children

Neglected by Y. M. C. A., Helped by Resident Americans, Problem of Missionary Children.

of missionaries rank high in the home schools.

Their shortcomings and superiorities are shown by a story I heard in Korea. A missionary youngster was home in Ohio with his parents on a furlough, and he was playing with another boy of his age when the subject of circuses came up. "What is a circus?" innocently inquired the lad from Korea. His friend looked at him in surprise and contempt. Then, scornfully: "What! Didn't you ever see a circus?"

Stung by the tone and manner, young Korea bridled up. "Huh! Did you ever see a fleet of warships? Did you ever see a torpedo boat? Did you ever cross an ocean? Did you ever see Hongkong? Did you ever visit India? Did you ever see the pyramids?" But before he had exhausted his list of possible wonders, his wide-eyed playmate acknowledged himself squelched.

An English School at Chefoo.

To meet the peculiar conditions of the missionary children, the China inland mission has established at Chefoo a school which, in equipment and efficiency, ranks as the best school in China and Japan. Its teachers are all missionaries of the China inland mission, yet its certificate admits boys into the English universities. It is patronized by missionaries of all bodies throughout the far East, and there are ninety-four sons of missionaries now enrolled, preparing for college, and sixty-three daughters of missionaries. The students are required to leave at the age of sixteen years. The preparatory department has fifty-seven children under nine years and over five.

This indicates the peculiar circumstances of the missionary's lot. Most of the China inland missionaries dwell in native houses in small interior cities, towns and villages, where there are no other foreigners. For the sake of the health of the children, it is

(Continued on Fifth Page.)